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the limbs should detach themselves from the swelling trunk: then heaped some stones over the spot, to protect it from the insults of the ounce and jackal, and—these short rites and simple monument completed—again proceeded onwards.”

THE FATAL WEDDING.

A gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where he himself was, in a village in Westmoreland, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout in London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid: they had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom wrote the following letter to his wife's father:—

March 18, 1672.

“Sir—After a very pleasant journey hither, we are prepared for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night; because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful son,

T. D.

“The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.—I am the happiest man breathing.”

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in the garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw the pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and, after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover

took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and, presenting it to her said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery; ‘Now, Madam repent of those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair.’—‘Give fire!’ said she, laughing. He did so; and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition! But he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. ‘Will,’ said he, ‘did you charge these pistols?’

He answered, ‘Yes.’ Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he wrote the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

‘Sir—I who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day.—I will immediately follow my wife to her grave: but before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor good old man! Remember, he that killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you though I dare not for myself. If it be possible do not curse me.’

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

It cannot be that earth is man's only biding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, the high and glorious, which leap like angels from the temple of our

hearts, and forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne,” are set above the grasp of our limited faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory! And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us; leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

QUIZZICAL NOT QUIZZABLE.—As a party of young men were riding a few days since through Cambridge, being somewhat vinous, they amused themselves with “tricks upon travellers;”—speering at them odd questions and laughing at their queer answers. The sport went on merrily, until one of them asked a sober citizen if he would “have the goodness to inform him in what state they were?”—“State of intoxication, Sir,” was the ready reply of the interrogated. The young men's heads bent to the saddle bows. They rode on satisfied for the present, that there was no fun in quizzing.

A short time ago one of the members of a celebrated temperance society called in at a public house in the upper part of the city, where he was occasionally in the habit of expostulating with the persons visiting the house, on the dreadful effect of drinking ardent spirits &c. One of the sons of mirth, purely out of sport, seized uncle Ichabod, while another introduced a funnel into his mouth, and gave him a gentle dose of Cogniac, adulterated with a little water; this the old chap pretended not to relish; he had however, got the taste too strongly to resist the temptation, and he applied to one of the company, privately, to “funnel him again, and make it a little stronger.”

AN EXCELLENT SPEECH.—When Louis the fourteenth visited Rheims, the mayor brought with him some bottles of wine, and some fine preserved pears, and addressed him as follows: “Sir, we offer you our wine, our pears, and our hearts, which are the best things our city can boast of.” Louis tapped the Mayor, I thank you heartily for your language.”

AN INDIAN STORY.

-It was a sultry evening towards the last of June, 1722, that capt. Harmon and his *muster* rangers urged their canoes up the Kennebec river, in pursuit of their savage enemies. For hours they toiled diligently at the oar—the last trace of civilization was left behind, and the long shadows of the striking forests met and blended in the middle of the broad stream, that wound darkly through them. At every sound from the adjacent shores—the rattling of some night bird, or the quick footsteps of some beast—the dash of the oar was suspended, and the ranger's grasp tightened on his rifle. All knew the peril of the enterprise; and that silence, which is natural to men who feel themselves in the extreme of mortal jeopardy, settled like a cloud upon the midnight adventurers.

"Hush—softly, men?" said the watchful Harmon, in a voice which scarcely rose above a hoarse whisper, as his canoe swept round a ragged promontory, 'there's a light ahead!"

All eyes were bent towards the shore. A tall Indian fire glimmered up amidst the great oaks, casting a red and strong light upon the dark waters. For a single and breathless moment the operation of the oar was suspended; and every ear listened with painful earnestness to catch the well known sounds, which seldom fails to indicate the proximity of the savages. But all was now silent. With slow and faint movements of the oar, the canoes gradually approached the suspected spot. The landing was effected in silence. After moving cautiously for a considerable distance in the dark shadow of the party at length ventured within the broad circle of the light which at first attracted their attention. Harmon was at their head, with an eye and a hand quick as those of the savage enemy whom he sought.

The body of a fallen tree lay across the path. As the rangers were on the point of leaping over it, the hoarse whisper of Harmon again broke the silence.

"God of heavens!" he exclaimed, (pointing to the tree)—"See here!—'tis the work of the cursed red-skins!"

A smothered curse glowed on the lips of the rangers as they bent grimly forward in the direction pointed out by their commander. Blood was sprinkled on the rank grass; and a human hand—the hand of a white man—lay upon the bloody log.

There was not a word spoken, but every countenance worked with terrible emotion. Had the rangers followed their own desperate inclination, they would have hurried recklessly onward to the work of vengeance; but the example of their leader, who had regained his usual calmness and self command, prepared them for a less speedy, but more certain triumph. Cautiously passing over the fearful obstacle in the pathway, and closely followed by his companions, he advanced stealthily and cautiously to the light, hiding himself and his party as much as possible, behind the thick trees. In a

few moments they obtained a full view of the object of their search. Stretched at their length, around a huge fire, but at a convenient distance from it, lay the painted and half naked forms of twenty savages. It was evident from their appearance, that they had passed the day in one of their horrid revels; and that they were now suffering under the effect of intoxication. Occasionally a grim warrior among them started half upright, grasping a tomahawk, as if to combat some vision of his disordered brain, but unable to shake off the stupor from his senses, uniformly fell back into his former position.

The rangers crept nearer. As they bent their keen eyes along their well-tried rifles, each felt sure of his aim. They waited for the signal of Harmon, who was endeavoring to bring his long musket to bear upon the head of the most distant savages.

"Fire!" he at length exclaimed, as the sight of his piece interposed full and distinct between his eye and the wild scalplock of the Indian. "Fire and rush on!"

The sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled through the heart of the forest.—There was a groan—a smothered cry—a wild convulsive moment among the sleeping Indians; and all again was silent.

The rangers sprang forward with their clubbed muskets and hunting knives but their work was done. The red men had gone to their last audit before the Great Spirit; and no sound was heard among them save the gurgling of the uot blood from their lifeless bosoms.

A PERSIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

An account of a dinner party in Persia, with statements illustrative of the manners and customs of the people, we derive from Alcock's Travels in Russia, Persia &c.

Shortly afterwards we were informed dinner was ready, and we were again summoned to the state rooms. Lest the reader should fancy such a state room contains much handsome furniture, it may be well to explain, that a very pretty carpet, which is most studiously kept clean, serves as a substitute for the tables, the sofas, and the chairs of Europe. The prince, his brothers, and friends, sat on one side of the room, and our frank party opposite them. The dinner consisted of a pillaw with partridge, some balls of forced meat wrapped in vine leaves, called *giaprakia*, and little bits of mutton roasted on a skewer of wood, and called *kibob*, tolerably good, and several basins of sherbet. (an oriental name for lemonade,) and the most delicately carved wooden spoons were used, as silver utensils coming under the class of innovations, are forbidden. The Persians use their right hand only to feed themselves with, and the dexterity with which they take rice between their thumb and fore finger, form it into a sort of little ball, and toss it into their mouth, without touching any part of their beard, is most astonishing; one of my companions was inclined to try the same experi-

ment, but scattered the rice all over his face, and down his neck-cloth and was forced to recur to the more civilized practice of employing a spoon. Nothing can be more painful, as well as disagreeable, than sitting cross-legged on the floor, and being obliged to bend over in order to eat one's dinner. Not less singular than the mode of eating were the arrangements for sleeping; the floor of the bedroom was laid for about thirty persons; consisting of ourselves, our Frank servants, and the other visitors of the Khan. Very little preparation is required by the Persian to lie down to rest; he throws off his large loose robe, the shoes are always left outside the room, his nightcap is the black lamb skin, which on no occasion leaves the head and he reposes without further ceremony, having first smoked his hookah. Among the visitors at the prince's was an unfortunate man who had held some appointment under the government, and had had his eyes put out as a punishment, for this is not uncommon among them. There is a story, almost too horrible to relate, that the town of Kormaan having rebelled, three pounds weight of eyes were ordered to be sent to the late King, Aga Mahomed Khan. We felt Makoo particularly gratified by our visit, and by a civility and kindness on the part of the prince and his brothers, which we could hardly have expected. He is necessarily suspicious of all strangers, and but we were introduced to him under very favorable auspices, it would have been more probable that we had been confined in a dungeon than received with hospitality and attention.

According to the doctrine inculcated by Mahomet, the women are not only excluded from all society, but go about so little that a traveller might pass through the whole country and not see a female face, as the Persians are, perhaps, even more jealous than the Turks. The Armenian and other Christian women living amongst them, are obliged to conform to Mahometan law in this respect, and cover their faces, and wrap up their figures in a large sort of domino or *ferdagee*, in the same manner of the native women, or they would be insulted. So naturalized are the Christians to this custom, that it was the cause of a great disappointment to us upon one occasion. An Italian doctor, who had been lately married to an Armenian, was polite enough to endeavour to induce his bride to uncover her face for our curiosity and amusement; but his best efforts to persuade her it would not be improper were in vain: the lady even smoked a *kaliaun* (the Persian hookah) whilst we were in company with her, but kept it under her veil; it was altogether a ludicrous scene: in vain we told her that it was unfair she should have the opportunity of seeing us through the little holes of her dress, and that we could not be permitted the advantage of seeing her, even with her husband's consent. She felt it would be extremely indecent to show her face; and we were obliged to satisfy ourselves with the assurance of her

husband, that she was not worth seeing, and the great probability is that she would accidentally have dropped aside her veil; she had any hopes of exciting our admiration.

The singular state of society among these people will be illustrated, perhaps, by another trifling anecdote; for we were not a little amused during a sumptuous entertainment given us by a rich Persian, near Hamudan, having in the course of conversation asked our host how many children he had, to perceive him turn round to his servant for the necessary information.

THE SILVER SIXPENCE.

"Do you see here," said a ragged little boy to a group of young gaily dressed urchins, as he came up from Market street wharf, in Philadelphia, "do you see here, I've got a silver sixpence."

They all set up a hearty laugh—"Why," said Jeremiah Budd, whose father was a wealthy shipper, "I have six silver dollars to spend on Christmas—and that fellow is proud of sixpence."

Theodore heard it, and looked thoughtfully on the ground for a moment; then recollecting himself, "six dollars to spend," muttered he, "but sixpence to keep is better than that."

Theodore kept his sixpence in his pocket, carefully wrapped up, for several weeks; when one day his uncle, who keeps a fruit shop at the corner of the Alley where he lived, said to him, "Theodore your sixpence don't grow in your pocket—you should plant it."

The little boy understood him better when he told him, if he pleased he might buy some fruit in the market with it, and stand in his shop and sell it out again. He embraced the offer; doubled his money the first day; and went on until he had as much fruit to sell as he had room for it in his little corner.

His uncle observing the thrifty, and withal, honest turn of the boy, finally took him into his store, as an assistant, and allowed him, privilege to trade in sundry specified articles on his own account. The closest attention to business, the most careful management of his small funds, and that run of good luck, as it is called, which generally runs with those that are saving, industrious,

and prudent, in the course of three or four years, enabled him to go in to full partnership with his uncle, and to extend his business to double its former amount.

Having trimmed his sails right at first, it had become a kind of second nature with Theodore, to keep what sailors would call close to the wind; and he made headway astonishingly now. Soon after he was twenty one, he was able to buy out the whole stock of a Dry Goods merchant, and go into the business on his own account entirely. Still he prospered, became an importer; changed, finally, his business for a wholesale concern; embarked in the India Trade; and at last married a fine girl, whose fortune was but little inferior to his own; and it was said, after that occurrence, he was not worth less than half a million.

Theodore now lived in an elegant mansion in Arch street, kept his carriage, and had every thing in pretty style; yet attended as usual to business. That he might never lose sight of the origin of his good fortune, the silver sixpence was blended with the arms on his carriage; it formed the seal with which he stamped his letters, and he had one of the coins—he used to say the very identical one he first owned—fastened upon the desk in his counting room. Remembering thus constantly, that by small means he had risen, he still, amid much well-bestowed charity, and in the constant practice of true benevolence, looked well to small things, and never forgot how to reckon pence as well as pounds.

Thus smoothly were Theodore's affairs going forward, when one sultry summer's day, just as he had entered his counting room, a thin squalid figure presented himself at the counter and asked for employment. He wore a threadbare suit of black, an old hat, and his shoes were almost ready to drop from his feet. "in what capacity," asked Theodore, "do you wish for employment?"

"In any capacity," was the reply—"but sir," continued the stranger, wiping a tear from the eye with his coat sleeve, "my father was a mer-

chant and he brought me up to his profession, I should, therefore, be glad of employment as a clerk."

Theodore looked at the man closely. He thought he saw some lineament he remembered

"What is your name?"—he asked.

The stranger hesitated a moment: hung down his head and replied in a low voice—"Jeremiah Budd!"

"Ah!" said Theodore, recollecting him instantly, "and you have gotten clear of your six dollars long ago, I fancy, Jeremiah."

"Yes," said Jeremiah, with a sigh "but I have not forgotten the ragged little boy, with the silver sixpence. Had I been half as careful of my thousands as he was of his pence I should not have been here friendless and pennyless this day."

There was a half triumphant smile on Theodore's face as he took the hand of his visitor, which seemed to spring from self complacent feeling, which was excusable, because it arose partly from the consciousness of his ability to aid one whose imprudence had caused his misfortune, but who seemed now to confess his error. He took the applicant into his employ, and in process of time restored him to the business of the world, an active, prudent, and valuable man.

The lesson taught in the story is too plain to need a word in addition. I will simply ask—where is the needy man, who has not spent more money foolishly in his life, than would be necessary to make him comfortable now.

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.—Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled, some years ago, so violently that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man, (at the fist at least, knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never, I defy you, I defy you! you can't do it!"

DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.—Was thus rendered by a drunken rogue; Dulce est, it is very agreeable—desipere, to dissipate—in loco, in low company.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

PAIN OF LIVING CREATURES.

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

This opinion of the celebrated poet has been so frequently quoted, as to be familiar to all the reading classes of the community. It evidently sprang from that thoughtful study of nature which is the great parent of benevolence, and does honor to the writer's heart. yet, like many beautiful theories, both in prose and poetry, I do not believe it to be founded in fact. In youth, when the mind is more curious to inquire and more ready to believe than to reason, we receive instruction with a general credulity, and without ever pausing to examine into its origin. Impressions so made are confirmed by time, which deepens the prejudices which it fails to destroy. I esteem this to be one, among other errors, of a more serious kind, which the world fall into, as it were blind-folded; and in which they are contented to grope, when by merely excorciating the senses with which nature has endowed them, they might detect the path of truth.

Let my readers reflect for a moment, upon the acknowledgment which they make, by endorsing, with their approbation, the remark of the poet:

"The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

In naming "the poor beetle," I presume the writer means to include all living creatures on the face of the globe, or beneath the ground, or in the deep, or the air. The mass of agony for which this admission makes nature responsible, is shocking, and beyond credit. The death of every creature which supplies our table with food, would, in such case, be a massacre, and we should shrink from an oyster supper with horror unutterable.—What appetite should we derive from witnessing a human being placed upon the rack, his limbs torn quivering and bleeding from his body, his eyes wrenched from their sockets, his heart cut out from his panting breast, or his head twisted off before life had left the mangled trunk; and yet, if those forms of life which are evidently intended to serve the purposes of nutrition to human beings,

"In corporal suffering, feel a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

even such is the exquisite torture inflicted upon every oyster that is eaten, upon every fish that is brought up trembling from the depths of the stream, and every bird which falls fluttering and bloody at the fowler's feet.

Besides the creatures which are useful as the food of man, there are myriads of others which swarm about his steps, and die in countless numbers by accident—while others are intentionally destroyed as offensive. If death is to all these what it is to a human being, it would be no satisfaction of sensibility to confess that I

could not put my foot on a spider, nor witness the struggles of a drowning fly, without a thrill of painful compassion.

I have no doubt that all creatures gifted with life, are, also, endowed with a sufficient susceptibility of pain, and instinctive dread of it, to answer the general purpose of self-preservation; but, when we behold the difference between the organization of an oyster, a fly, or a beetle and a man, it is impossible to conceive that their systems can admit of an equal degree either of pain or pleasure. Both sensations must be to them dull and vague; and inasmuch as their sphere of existence is more contracted, and their formation meager, so their capacities are all dim and small, and their lives comparatively worthless. You may watch a fly upon the table, perambulating briskly in search for food. True, if you catch him he makes a great noise, although uninjured; but set him free again, and after convincing himself by a few aerial circumvolutions of the fact that so important a personage is actually released without a ransom, he will return to the table and go on with his epicurean researches. Cut off his legs, and his wings, and sometimes I have seen his body rather unceremoniously divided for the sake of experiment. The patient was incommoded by the loss, and performed certain involuntary evolutions, but presently, on arriving at a crumb of sugar, he commenced regulating himself as usual, body or no body, and afterwards cleansed the remainder of his wings with the fragments of his legs, and hobbled off till he found and partook of some more sugar.

The fisherman takes the worm from the earth, tears his helpless form into pieces; each one of which he fastens upon the barbed hook. The imagination recoils from the idea of such an experiment upon one of our race, yet if similar pain be suffered by the worm, it is equally cruel. Fish taken from the water remain alive many hours. If we suppose them gifted with a human susceptibility of bodily torture, what agony can be more excruciating than theirs?

The destruction which we necessarily commit among the inferior creation, although presenting a vast and gloomy picture of suffering, would form but a part of the great system of anguish offered to the contemplation of the naturalist. He beholds all the brute creation continually engaged, from their nature, in destroying each other. The lion is tearing his victim; the vulture is pouncing upon his prey; the whale is swallowing shoals of lesser fish—altogether, the earth would afford a prospect painful to dwell upon, and inconsistent with the principles of benevolence which form the leading features in the creation and government of the world. I am, therefore compelled to believe, that although the creatures over which man is the lord, are capable of sufferings to a certain degree, yet, that their pain is very different from the torture of human beings. The essence, which we call life, might have been breathed into

matter much finer and purer, and more capable of every species of emotion, than that of which we are at present constituted. The nerves or the tooth for example, how exquisitely delicate, and with what a refined agony do they resent the softest touch? The same power that spread these fibres through the tooth, might have created us *all nerve*, so that the breathing of the air upon our uncovered bodies would have thus afflicted us, or perhaps overcome us with an equal consciousness of delight. The nerves which in us are productive of such acute sensations, are wanting in the fly, the oyster, the beetle, &c. or are composed of a different material, and we may, therefore, justly conclude are governed by different rules. The more nature is studied, the more the harsh and gloomy features in her aspect is softened down into kindness and beauty; and however painful insects may find the act by which their lives are extinguished, I must differ in opinion from the author of the lines at the head of this article. Beasts are as incapable of our sufferings as they are of our enjoyments.

SKETCH.

I came to a little village. I sat down by the fountain where I had sat in childhood. The wind whistled in bleak murmurs through the grove, and my heart was sad! I drank of the water of its fountains; but its sweetness was flown and the stealing tear dropped from my dim eye. I beheld a maiden—she was lovely—but I could not be glad.—Where (said I) is Mary of the dark and smiling eye! she who once glided through these valleys? She was fair. Dark was her hair as the plumage upon the raven's wing, and floated on the morning breeze, as yon wild waving trees nod to the winds." "Mary was fair, (said the maiden) but she sleeps beneath yon silent mound, where the dark grass waves. Ten autumn winds have scattered the promise of fair Spring upon her tomb. The cypress shades the place of her rest—but she went to the earth alone; no kind hand scattered flowers upon her lonely bed. Her lover went forth to the war, and she faded in death. His name appeared first and brightest among the warriors of his country—he toiled in the battle front and was dear to his kinsmen—his name was dreaded by his foes—but she was at rest! The clarion of war sounded victory—he left the clamour of battle and came to the grove where they pledged their vows.

Peace and honour had gilded his banner—but the dreams of his early love had vanished as the unseen wind. Soon did he sleep in the arms of death. The thistle nods over his resting place, and his ear drinks not the sound of the trumpet, or the clattering of the war hoof. Peace to his ashes—he hath passed away, and my soul is sad!"

The following beautiful lines, from the Mobile Commercial Register, were written several years ago by a lady in Alabama, but a few days before she sunk under accumulated sorrow.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirits that now brook
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's menagre train,
Come on, your threats I brave—
My last poor life drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet the spirit that endures,
Shall mock your force the while
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours,
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on I heed you not—
You may pursue me, till my form
And being are forgo'
Yet still the spirit that you see,
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high born smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep my heart shall bear—
Thou can'st but add one bitter wo
To those already there.
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure, O, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart;
A weak reluctant prey.
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Triumphant on the last dismay,
Wrapp'd in its own eternity,
Shall smiling pass away.

PARTY SPIRIT.—Party spirit is but egoism somewhat expanded. It narrows our conceptions, it misleads our minds, corrupts the sentiments, and substitutes interest instead of virtue. It engenders discord, breaks socialities, and brings even misfortune upon individuals, by driving from their hearts all moderation and kindness—without which neither real wisdom nor true happiness can exist.

THE CASKET.

PROSPECTUS.

THE CASKET will be devoted exclusively to polite literature, comprising the following subjects—Original and Select Tales, Essays, Biography, Natural History, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes.

In presenting a paper to the public exempt from all political and religious controversy, the publisher relies on the liberal minded portion of community for indulgence in his novel undertaking; and on such he calls not for pecuniary assistance alone, but for the contributions of their pens, while he has the assurance that several gentlemen of respectable literary talents will occasionally contribute instruction and amusement through the medium of the CASKET.

Should the work meet with favorable auspices, the publisher intends offering Premiums as a further inducement to such as feel disposed to contribute to Canadian Literature; and no pains will be spared in procuring such works as will afford an ample field for the best selections.

We have this week to apologize to our readers for the scanty supply of original matter in this number. For our next we hope to receive several promised articles from the pens of gentlemen of acknowledged literary attainments.

The next number of the Casket will be published on Saturday, the 29th of October, and continued regularly every other Saturday.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

TIME was—time is—and time is to be. The world has had its glory of old—the world has its glory now—and the world has a glory—a great glory yet to come. Time past is a temple—vast in foundation—magnificent in construction; its base is fixed in primeval creation—its pillars are in heaven; the whirlwinds may rave through its unfinished compartments—the poles may sicken and shiver as with an ague fit, but not a stone shall totter. 'Tis a fearful thing to look upon, and fearfully doth man—the present man, grope round its huge proportions, and then doth join in the mad hue-and-cry of hypocrites and self-deceivers who pronounce it rude unshapely and inartificial—and then anon, in dreariness and very desolation of despair doth take his chisel to complete a ni-

che—a pigmy puny pitiful niche wherein himself may stand—and—ditch in the task. And thus Time present bearing no intent of equal magnitude within itself, doth individually improve its little talent and express its reverence of that which was, in decorating with a tawdry hand the work it dares not rival.—Beautiful I ween—nay splendid to the shortened eye and in detail are these additions:—as around some huge and lofty column in the deep caverns of the hard-ribbed earth, the still small droppings from the vaulted roof form tiny pinacles of dazzling brilliancy that but withdraw the eye from its main food with partial entertainment;—so doth the present time with all its busy schemes and varied studies—its boundless propagation of the sciences and multiplicity of improvements and inventions—its flood of novelties with microscopic beauty and dwindled excellency, doth but avert the eye of wisdom to brief abstraction from stern and mournful meditation on the structure of the past.

There is a voice upon the winds—and men of sense and soul have heard and treasured in their hearts its inspiration.—Wise men have dreamed and waked—and sighed that 'tis not fashionable to believe in dreams, nor tell them. The voice that whispers in the wind—the dreams with which the soul doth entertain the unshackled mind—are of the time to come—the latter day. Then shall the temple of the past be finished on the model of the original plan,—all tinsel ornaments and frail devices shall be discarded and placed by living sculptures fitly made and suited to the whole. But oh! to see the inward fashion of the temple with furniture complete!—not all the costly gems that kings have worn, nor all the precious ores that crowd around the centre of the earth shall half suffice the splendor of the work. And when 'tis finished men shall live in it—and live happy—aye, myriads of men—and a strong light shall beam upon them always. The horse knoweth not his own strength, and man knoweth not his own soul, how high it shall exalt him—how glorious a creature it shall enable him to become—he knoweth not now—because it is time present, and because it is not time to come. And these words man shall read and laugh to very scorn—then will he read again and say, he doth not comprehend them, or, verily he thinks they nothing mean—nathless he knoweth all the while their import and their end. L.



ORIGINAL.

FOR THE CASKET.
THE POLES.

Hark! the trumpet's peals in gladness flow
From Kosciusko's land,
O'er crimson combat's vivid glow,
And Poland's martial band.

On sons of freedom! victory,
The trumpet loud proclaims;
On sons of freedom! liberty
Now crown thy heroes names.

See! the Cossack flies in dire dismay,
Before Shrzynecki's troop,
While round his warriors gory
Or fly with screaming hoop.

The Russian boor bedow'd with gore,
Now smiles upon his fate,
And turns his eyes benighted o'er
With black revengeful hate.

Look! a tear of love from his eye,
Slow o'er his cheek doth roam,
His manly breast heaves forth a sigh,
While thinking on his home.

BRITON.

NIAGARA FALLS.

The following lines were written by
Mr. McCleary, the comedian, on visiting
"Termination Rock," in 1828, but never
before published. The author handed
them to the Editor for insertion in the
Casket, when at this place a few weeks since.

Look! look up! the spray is dashing—
Roaring waters foaming sweep:
O'er our heads the torrents clashing,
Hurling grandeur down the steep.

Oh mortal man! beneath such splendor,
How trifling, empty, vain and poor!
Prepare then, sinner, to surrender
All thoughts unhalloved or impure.

Tremendous is the scene around us;
Oh mark how wild the waters ring!
Terrific columns, bright, surround us—
Grand are thy works oh God our King.

THE DEW-DROP.

The brightest gem cannot surpass
The dew drop on a blade of grass:
Thus nature's smallest works combine
To herald forth a hand divine!
Shall man the noblest work of all,
With reason blest, a sceptic fall?
Behold thy form of wondrous skill,
With faculties that move at will,
How perfect, and how rarely fit,
And all in all so exquisite,
That reason's eye but with a scan
Proclaims—a God created man!

THE WISH

Behold a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear—
A willow brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay built nest—
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring,
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

SERENADE FOR MAY.

Come, Julia, love, 'tis morning,
Old winter's passed away;
And gentle spring returning,
Leads in the blushing May.

The dazzling sun appearing,
Lights up the eastern wood,
And many a wanton cloud its form
Bathes in his radiant flood.

Night's shadows are receding,
Before his heavenly ray;
And the blue mist melts as doubts of thee
Pass from my soul away.

On haste! the crimson beams are now,
O'er meadow, grove, and bowser;
And softly hums the golden bee
Round every open flower.

BACHELORS.

As lone clouds in Autumn eves
As a tree without its leaves,
As a shirt without its sleeves,
Such are bachelors.

As syllabubs without a head,
As jokes not laugh'd at when they're said,
As cucumbers without a head,
Such are bachelors.

As creatures of another sphere,
As things that have no business here,
As inconsistencies, 'tis clear,
Such are bachelors.

When lo! as souls in fabled bowers,
As beings born for happier hours,
As butterflies on favored flowers,
Such are married men.

But ah! as thistles on the blast
From every garden bed are cast,
And fade on dreary wastes at last,
So die bachelors.

Then, Thomas, change that grub-like skin,
Your butterfly career begin,
And fly, and swear that 'tis a sin
To be a bachelor!

MEMORY.

How blest the hours I then enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still;
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S COURTSHIP.—It is said that Sir Isaac Newton did once go a wooing, and as he was expected, had the greatest indulgence paid to his little peculiarities, which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were gravely seated to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac made a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair near to his lady—a pause of some minutes ensued—Sir Isaac seemed still more uneasy—Oh! the timidity of some! thought the lady—when lo, Sir Isaac got hold of her hand—now the palpitation began—he will kiss it no doubt, thought she, and then the matter is settled. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew the captive hand near his head; already the expected salutation vibrated from the hand to the heart, when, pity the damsel, gentle reader! Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand, to make the fore finger what he much wanted—a tobacco stopper!

A BIRTH DAY GIFT.—The late amiable Duchess of D— being anxious to present a birth day gift to her son, Lord H. at that time a promising boy of seven or eight years old, desired the little Marquis to select the object that would be most agreeable to him in the world. Other lads would probably have chosen a kite or a cricket bat—a pony or a gun; but his lordship was already *blase* by such common place enjoyments, "I should like," said he, gravely—and the whole family crowded round to ascertain the splendid novelty selected by his caprice—"I should like to have a coal with a patch in it."

In some of the villages in Kent, when a man is known to have beaten his wife, it is usual to strew chaff before his door; then the joke runs through the town, that such a man was thrashing last night, as the chaff was seen in front of his house. Such notoriety is said to be more wholesome restraint on bad husbands, than any legal enactment.

SCOLDING.—I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves.—How can they govern others?—Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

GRAMMATICAL WIT.—A youth who had not long been emerged from scholastic trammels, having been smitten with a pretty face, consulted his former preceptor whether he would advise him to conjugate?—"No," replied the pedagogue, "I should say, by all means, decline."

THE CANADIAN CASKET,

Is published every other Saturday, in the Town of Hamilton, Gore District, U. C., at 10 Shillings per annum, if paid in advance, or 12 Shillings and 6 pence at the end of the year. A handsome title-page and index will be furnished at the expiration of the volume. Persons procuring five Subscribers, and forwarding the amount of their subscriptions, shall receive a sixth copy for their trouble.—Office opposite the Wholesale Store of C. Ferris & Co.

A. CROSMAN, Publisher.